

men (not the port and sherry drinkers), Irishmen, Germans, and Americans. Observe, then, their family life, their gentleness and gentility, their affections, and their unity. American toppers go to France and come back cured—come back gentlemen. Wine makes gentlemen, as grog makes brutes. Wine makes a polite tongue; whisky makes a foul-mouthed blackguard. Wine carries with it the associations with which it is served; whisky does likewise. Man is a machine—unimpressible, unteachable, while at work; his ideas flow and

he receives impressions when relaxed. How can a man become a gentleman who gets his relaxation in grog? "Grog" means all that goes with and surrounds it—all that surrounds its consumer. The vine will build up our State and enrich and comfort our people. Wine will cure dyspepsia, change a bilious temper, repair a broken hearth, relieve woman's lonesomeness, and mend our manners.

Moral: plant vines, and make a home; drink wine, and become a gentleman.

CHARLES A. WETMORE.

THE MAN FROM GEORGIA.

I.—SHADOWS AND MEMORIES.

On a sweltering July day, a long and ungainly shadow, stretching thirty feet upon the ground, crept noiselessly up an avenue leading to a great summer resort. The sun was setting, and its slanting rays caused the shadow to assume the appearance of an anamorphosis of ludicrous proportions. It was a cruel caricature of the probable cause of its existence. It was somewhat of a timid shadow—perhaps a shadow of strange and unnerving experiences; for its steps, which were made apparently by a simple shortening of the legs, were taken with a degree of hesitancy and painful doubt. It was a silhouette of elongated ugliness. Perhaps this shadow had not been endowed with susceptibilities as discerning, or furnished with advantages as numerous, or as productive of beneficial results, as those which fall to the lot of the average shadow. Perhaps it had never attended seminaries of learning, where curious shadows lounged in rows, and listened to the perorations of a shadow balder, and taller, and uglier, than the others; nor had ever mingled with bustling shadows in the busy marts of the world; at least, there was a general air of awkwardness, indecision, and inexperience pervading the movements of this shadow that would tend to the establishing of such an opinion; and, judging from appearances, it might be safely inferred that the extent to which its mental efforts were ever carried was the daily reflection on the peculiar properties—primitive properties withal—that characterize all shadows in general, and that characterized this shadow in particular. For instance: it was observable that the tallest objects cast the longest shadows, other condi-

tions being similar; that cloudy weather exercised a deleterious influence upon the individuality of all shadows, whether of high or low degree; that, even on a bright day, certain attenuated objects cast such a faint shadow that they were barely appreciable; and it was a noteworthy fact that shadows are very long in the early morning, that they gradually shorten and shrivel up, to the extent of almost total annihilation, at the meridian, and that, this imminent danger having been passed, they slowly lengthen in the afternoon, until they assume their original dimensions. A shadow of even ordinary intelligence might have drawn from these things a moral lesson of a beautiful and touching nature, but that the one under discussion followed up any such train of thought is a matter of extreme doubt; for vulgar shadows are seldom supplied with text-books of psychology, and are not universally addicted to the habit of moralizing on their own responsibility. From all this it may be inferred (though not necessarily) that the shadow was the result of human interposition; and to put this hypothesis squarely on tenable ground, it is necessary to mention only the fact that the extended ellipse formed by the legs of the shadow, could be made by the legs of no living animal other than those of a man with bow-legs.

The original of the long shadow was worthy of profound study. He was a man, short and stoop-shouldered. His hair was ragged and dusty. His beard was straggling and scant. His visible clothing consisted of a broad-brimmed, slouch hat, torn around the rim, worn on the back of his head, and covered with dust; a woolen shirt; a pair of cotton pants, the original color of which had long since disappeared under an efficient covering of dirt; a pair of

suspenders made of raw-hide straps, fastened to his pants with wooden pins; and boots that could be identified as such only by broad inference, inductive reasoning, and exhaustive analogy. The difficulties that presented themselves in establishing a theory with regard to the nature of the pedal coverings affected by this individual, arose out of the inadaptability of the human mind to a sudden grasping of subjects concerning which there had been no previous knowledge, by experience or tradition. The toes turned up like twin canoes, and at the tips stood at least four inches from the ground. They had no heels, but the places where they should have been were under the hollows of the man's feet; and his own heels found a cosy resting place in the leathern legs of the boots. The boots themselves appeared to be a pair of superannuated *rouls* with a diabolical expression; and while they could not have been called dishonest looking boots, they were yet pervaded by an air of weakness that would cause a breaking down of stancher principles under certain influences, and a betrayal of confidence for potent considerations.

The man's face was a solemn protest against hilarity. In his outward appearance he had all the appurtenances and hereditaments of a natural manhood. He had life, strength, and an appetite. He had arms, legs, a brain, the five senses, and all the necessary functions of a healthy organism. Yet his whole expression would at once have aroused sympathy in a heart quickened by those finer feelings which ally mankind to the angels; for it was a mixture of childishness, simplicity, confidence, fear, timidity, ignorance, humility, honesty. His look was vague and uncertain, and seemed to be searching, heartlessly, for a friend—a silent and eloquent appeal to natures that were stronger and minds that were greater; a longing for something indefinite, and possibly not upon the face of the earth; a pitiable, helpless look, and one that would bring tears to the eyes. He could not have been older than thirty-five years, and yet his hair and beard were turning gray, and his face was covered with wrinkles. Occasionally he would make a strange movement as if to ward off a sudden and angry blow; but this might have been a nervous affection. There was no evidence that the light of a far-reaching intelligence illuminated, to any degree of refulgence, the dark places in the man's mind. Indeed, there was little left but the bones from a feast where Imbecility had held a greedy carnival on a *ragout* of reason. So strange and unnatural was the man's appearance, that it seemed as if Nature, in her efforts at universal mastication and digestion, had but half chewed

him, when she contemptuously spit him out, disgusted with the flavor.

He carried a knotty stick, and his ample pockets were filled to such an extent that they made him appear very wide in the hips and very narrow in the shoulders. Their contents were a profound mystery, but they were all the worldly possessions of the wanderer. The pockets at least produced the good effect of toning down, to a certain extent, the marvelous ellipticity of his legs; and in doing this they performed a valuable service.

"Hello! Who are you?" was the gruff demand of a porter employed in the hotel, as the stranger was picking his way with great nicety up the broad interior stairs, as if afraid of defacing the polished brass under his ugly boots.

"Baker," promptly replied the man, in a small, timid voice, coming to a halt, and humbly touching his hat.

The porter gazed at him with unbounded wonder, as if uncertain whether he beheld an emissary from Pluto or a forerunner of the millennium.

"Baker! Well, what's your other name?"

"Mine?"

"Yes."

The stranger was somewhat puzzled by the question. It was entirely unexpected. He looked vacantly around the ceiling, until his gaze rested upon a chandelier above him; but, finding no assistance in the prismatic colors of that ornament, his gaze wandered to an oriel, in which there were a mocking-bird and a hanging basket.

"Jess Baker—that's all," he said at length, in his thin voice, and slow, earnest manner.

"What! Don't know your other name?"

"No; I reckon not," said Baker, after a pause. "I reckon it's Jess Baker—that's all."

"Didn't they ever call you anything else?"

"Me?"

"Yes; you."

Again Baker looked around until he found the chandelier, and then his eyes sought the oriel. Then he suddenly started as if an invisible something had struck him, and immediately afterward reached down and felt his ankles.

"Yes."

"What?"

"Hundred'n One," he said at length, quietly, looking at his questioner, with a shade of fear and suspicion passing over his face.

The porter was troubled, and firmly believed that a live lunatic stood revealed before him. He asked,

"Where are you from?"

"Georgy."

"What part of Georgia?"

Again was Baker at sea, and again did his eyes seek the chandelier and the oriel.

"Jess Georgy—that's all," he finally said.

"What do you want here?"

"I want you to hire me," he replied, with a faint look of intelligent expectancy.

"What can you do?"

"Oh, well, I'll tell you. Most everything."

"How much do you want?"

"Me?"

"Yes."

"Want?"

"Yes."

"Oh, about five dollars a day, I reckon."

The porter laughed coarsely.

"I'm not the proprietor."

"The which?" asked Baker.

"The boss."

"Oh, ain't you? Well, I reckon he's a white man then," and he seemed pleased with his own perspicacity. The porter had had sufficient amusement, so he demanded, in a brusque, insulting tone:

"Now, say—you get away from here quick! You hear?"

Baker did not stir, but stared at the porter, mortified and surprised.

"Get out, or I'll set the dogs on you!"

The look of mortification in Baker's face deepened, but he was not frightened. Still he did not move a muscle, with the exception of glancing around as if looking for the dogs, and then regarding his stick.

"Ain't you going, you crazy old tramp? I'll lock you up, and send for the Sheriff," and the porter rattled some keys in his pocket.

Instantly a great horror overspread the countenance of Baker from Georgia. He looked wildly around as if to run, but seemed to be held to the spot by an imaginary weight that clung to his ankles. He took a single step in his agitation, and suddenly realized that no such incumbrance detained him. He shook off the ghastly hallucination, and sprang to the bottom of the stairs, just in time to escape an imaginary blow aimed at his head. His whole appearance had changed. Humility had given way to wild and indescribable fear. The man had changed into a beast that is hunted down for its life, and that clings desperately to existence with a tenacity unequalled by a higher intelligence. He sprang through the door and reached the ground in another bound, and gathered his strength for an immediate escape from terrors without a name.

"Stop there!" called a stern voice.

Baker obeyed instantly; obeyed as does a man long accustomed to the most servile obedience—as does a dog that has been beaten

until his spirit is broken. He humbly bared his head, and stood in the warm glow of the fading light, meek and submissive. Fear and terror had disappeared from his countenance; but Baker was no longer the Baker from Georgia, who a few minutes ago trudged along the graveled walk after the lengthy shadow. The voice that checked him was not a kindly voice. It was that of a suspicious man, who believed he saw before him a thief who had invaded his house, and was making off with the booty stored in valuable assortments in ample pockets. Yet his face had a generous look, though anger made his eyes harsh; whereas in Baker's usually expressionless face there was recently a hungry look for something possibly unattainable, there was nothing, when he was brought to a stand, but empty sorrow and complete resignation. He had sought a thing and had not found it. He had bitten a rosy apple and was choked with ashes. Even the misguided boots seemed to evince tokens of submission, and showed their brass teeth in silent acquiescence to an inevitability. Somehow they looked not near so rakish as formerly, and turned up their dusty faces to survey the situation with aimless, idle curiosity—indifferent, patient, without a shade of anxiety.

The two men surveyed each other, anger having disappeared from the face of the one to give place to profound pity, the other regarding him with mild docility.

"Come along with me," said the gentleman to Baker.

Baker had heard the words before, and followed quietly and tamely, with his dusty old hat in his left hand, and his head bowed more than usual. He walked so slowly that the gentleman turned to observe him, and found him moving laboriously, with his feet wide apart, and his right hand grasping an invisible something that retarded his progress by weighting down his feet. They were passing the end of the hotel on their way to the rear, when they came near a hitching post, in which were driven a staple and ring. Baker had been looking around for something, and as the gentleman stopped near the post, Baker walked straight up to it without looking to the right or to the left. On reaching it he dropped the invisible something that he carried in his hand, laid his hat on the ground, meekly slipped the raw-hide suspenders from his shoulders, unbuttoned his shirt, pulled it off over his head, and laid it on the grass alongside his old hat. He then humbly embraced the post, and crossed his hands over the ring, to which a chain was attached. He laid his head against his right arm, pressing his cheek against the post, and waited pa-

tiently, without ever having uttered a protest or looked an appeal. The old boots looked up into his sorrowful face and sympathized with him in his endless afflictions.

His naked back glistened white. It was a map on which were traced the bloody cruelties of many years—a fine piece of mosaic, human flesh inlaid with the venom of the lash. There were scars, and seams, and ridges, and ghastly cuts, that crossed and recrossed one another. There were brown patches, and green patches, and purple moles surmounted by tufts of hair, and sickening sores from which fetid exudations and bloody corruption oozed.

Baker stood so patiently and uncomplainingly that the gentleman called to him kindly:

"Put on your shirt."

He proceeded to obey silently, but was evidently confused and embarrassed at the unexpected turn that events had taken. He hesitated at first, however, for he did not seem to understand how he could put on his shirt while his hands were chained.

"Your hands are not tied."

This revelation was so unexpected that it almost startled him. He raised his head, and pulled out one hand slowly, that a sudden jerk might not cause the chain to lacerate the wrist; for his movement was more an experiment than anything else. He resumed his shirt and hat, picked up the imaginary weight, and followed his leader.

"What is your name?"

"Hundred'n One."

They were traversing the hall in the servants' quarter, when Baker suddenly halted, and ventured to say:

"I reckon you are in the wrong curryder."

He was examining the ceiling, and the floor, and the numbers upon the doors.

"No; this is right," said the gentleman.

Again Baker hobbled along in his monotonous shuffle, never varying the length of his steps, and never releasing his hold on the invisible weight. They halted at number thirteen. Said Baker, with a shade of pity in his voice for his new turnkey:

"Tain't right. Wrong curryder. Cell hundred'n one's mine."

"Yes; but this is better," replied the gentleman as he opened the door and Baker walked in. The room was comfortably furnished.

"Hain't you got it wrong?" persisted Baker. "Lifer, you know. Hundred'n one—lifer—plays off crazy—forty lashes every Monday. Don't you know?"

"Yes, I know."

They gave him a good supper, and he ate heartily. They persuaded him to wash in a

basin in the room, though he begged hard to be allowed to wash at the pump. The door had been kept closed, but not locked. That night the gentleman went to his room and asked him if he wanted anything.

"Well, you forgot to take it off," Baker replied, pointing to his ankles. The gentleman was perplexed for a moment, and then stooped down and unlocked and removed an imaginary ball and chain. Baker seemed relieved. Said the gentleman as Baker was preparing for sleep:

"This is not a penitentiary. It is my house, and I do not whip anybody. I will give you all you want to eat, and good clothes, and you can go wherever you please."

Baker looked at him with vacant eyes. He undressed, lay down, sighed wearily, and fell asleep.

II.—THE PLAGUE.

A stifling southern September sun beat down upon the hills and fields, and the ripples of heat that constantly arose from the baking earth imparted to the horizon a trembling, shifting, quivering outline. The leaves hung fainting, and hot, and still, and panted for breath. The hogs were lying in the cool brook, and the cows, standing in shady places, shook their heads sullenly to drive away the flies. Flowers hung their heads with that drowsiness which foretells death, and silently implored that the dews of evening might fall. The thrush and mocking-bird were driven to their hiding places, and their songs were not heard in the trees.

The hotel was crowded to its utmost capacity with refugees from Memphis. A terrible scourge was sweeping through Tennessee, and its black shadow was crawling down to the Gulf of Mexico, through the limestone regions of Alabama. It was a parched and hungry scourge, and sucked the life-blood of children, while it mowed down grey heads, and strong men, and lovely women.

It crept through the open door and rattled its dry bones as it sat by the bedside, and rubbed its bony hands upon each other, and hugged its bony arms across its chest of naked ribs, and shuffled its bony feet in a rattling death-dance upon the floor, and stared with empty sockets, and grinned with ghastly length of cheekless jaw, and rubbed its fleshless shins in solemn glee, and chuckled until its bones rattled, and its wheezy joints cracked and creaked. It hid in the closet, and lurked on the stairs. It frightened children in their play. It stole upon them in the night, and terrified them in their

dreams. It stretched forth its trembling arms, and thousands were swept away like violets in a storm. It came in the night, and poisoned the bread and water. It stole away in the darkness, and carried in its skeleton arms the life of a cherished brother or a loving sister. It returned, and poisoned the milk that the dimpled babe drew from its mother's breast; there were white flowers, and a tiny white coffin, and a mother's broken heart. Still it was not satisfied. It breathed upon the father, and he died. Desolation and death were everywhere. The outcast died alone in the ditch, and his bloated corpse puffed and blackened under the scorching rays of the sun. The rich writhed upon their beds of down, and fell a prey to the destroyer. There was no chosen people—no mark of the angel at the Passover.

"Well, Baker, how are you getting along?" It was the cheerful, round voice of Mr. Clayton, the proprietor of the fashionable summer resort.

The man from Georgia was stooping over a pail, and scouring it with sand and a cloth. On hearing the greeting he hung the cloth across the edge of the pail, and came slowly to the perpendicular, putting his hands, during the operation, upon the lower part of his back, as if the hinges in that region were old, and rusty, and required care.

"Oh, well, now, I'll tell you. Nothin' particular to complain on. Except—"

"Well?"

"I don't believe it's quite exactly right."

"Tell me about it."

"Well, now, you see—there ain't nobody a-listenin' to me, is there?"

"No."

"I think they oughter give me one more piece, any way."

"Piece of what?"

"Mebbe two pieces."

"Of what?"

"Pie. It was pie I was a-talkin' about all the time."

"Don't they give you enough?"

"Pie?"

"Yes."

"No, sir; not nigh enough. An'—an'—come here close. I'm a-gettin' weak. I'm a-starvin'," he whispered.

"Starvin'?"

"Yes, sir; starvin'."

"What do you want?"

"Well, now, I was jess a-thinkin' that one or two more pieces fur dinner every day—every day—"

"Pieces of pie?"

"Yes, sir. Pie. Pie."

"You shall certainly have it; but don't they give you any?"

"What? Pie?"

"Yes."

"Oh, well, they do give me some."

"Every day?"

"'Bout every day, sir."

"How much do they give you?"

"Pie?"

"Yes."

"Well, about two pieces, I believe."

"Aren't you afraid that much more than that will make you sick?"

"Oh, well, now, I'm a-goin' to tell you about that, too; because you don't know about it. You see, I'm mostly used to gittin' sick, an' I ain't mostly used to eatin' of pie." He spoke then, as he always did, with the most impressive earnestness.

"Is there anything else you want, Baker?"

"Who? Me?"

"Yes. Do you want anything else?"

"Oh, you are a-goin' to tell 'em about the pie, ain't you?"

"Yes; but is there nothing else?"

"Well, you know I kill 'em all?"

"All the what?"

"Chickens."

"Yes."

"An' scald 'em?"

"Yes."

"An' pick 'em?"

"Yes."

"An' clean 'em?"

"Yes."

"An' swings the hairs of'n 'em?"

"Yes."

"Two hundred every mornin'?"

"Yes."

"An' a hundred'n fifty every night?"

"Yes."

"An' feed 'em, and tend to 'em?"

"Yes."

"Well, I was a-thinkin'—"

"What?"

"You see, I'm a-gittin' weak."

"Well."

"An' a-starvin'."

"You shall not starve."

"Well, mebbe they oughter give me a half a one, briled sorter tender. Mebbe a whole one."

Baker had undergone a marked change within the two months that had passed over him at the hotel. Kindness had frightened away the vacant look in his eyes, and his mind was stronger. He had found that for which his meagre soul had yearned—a sympathizing heart and a friend. He was fat, and sleek, and strong. His old boots—the same as of yore, for he

would part with them for no consideration—looked less demented; in fact, seemed almost cheerful. Did they not have the best associates in the whole country?—and did not they daily tread the very ground pressed by the richest and bravest boots in the land? It is true that they were often spattered with slops, and ornamented with chickens' feathers; but these things served only to bring out in bolder relief the manifold advantages of polite society, and the elevating influences of a healthy morality and a generous prosperity. There are many boots that would have been spoiled by so sudden an elevation into a higher sphere of life; but the good traits of Baker's boots were strengthened by not only a rooting up of certain weaknesses, but by also gaining many good qualities that proved beneficial; and to the full extent of their limited capacity did they appreciate their surroundings, and looked up gratefully and humbly whenever they met a friend.

There were six hundred guests at the hotel, and they all had a kind word for Baker. They could never learn anything about him other than that his name was Baker—"jess Baker—that's all," and that he was from Georgia—"jess Georgy." Occasionally a stranger would ask him more particularly about his past history, but he would simply look helpless, and say nothing. As to his name, it was "jess Baker;" but on rare occasions, when closely pressed, his lips could be seen to form the words, "Hundred'n One," as if wondering how they would sound, and then the old hard, suffering look would steal across his face. It was quite seldom that he dodged an imaginary blow, and the memory of the ball and chain was buried with other sad and bitter associations of the past. He had access to every part of the house, and was discreet, diligent, faithful, and honest. The porters would sometimes impose upon his unflinching willingness and immense strength, by making him carry the heaviest trunks up three or four flights of stairs. He promptly obeyed a command from any one, and when promised a nickel five cents, would perform the most laborious and fatiguing work. He would accept no other piece of money, and would take no presents whatever. He insisted on earning everything that was given him.

One day the shadow of death, stealing toward the South, passed over the house containing so much life, and vitality, and happiness, and wealth, and beauty. The train passed as usual, and among the passengers who alighted was a man who walked to the register in a tired, uncertain manner. There were one or two persons present who knew him, and on grasping his hand they noticed that it was cold. This

was strange, for the day was extremely hot. There was a look of restlessness and anxiety in his eyes, but he said he had only a pain across the forehead, and that he needed rest and it would soon pass away. He went to his room and fell across the bed—quite worn out, he said. He complained of a few cramps in his legs, and thought they were caused by climbing the stairs. After thirty minutes he rang his bell violently, and sent for the resident physician. The latter came down after remaining a few minutes with the patient, and there was a shade of pallor and an intense anxiety on his face. He was a tall man, with white hair, and a calm demeanor. He was in a deep study, and had an abstracted look. He asked for Mr. Clayton, but that gentleman was temporarily absent. He reflected a moment longer, and then asked for Baker.

"Is your patient very sick, Doctor?" asked the cashier privately, with a certain dread in his face and tone.

"I want Baker," said the doctor.

"Nothing serious, I hope."

"Send me Baker."

The physician had a secret. It was a secret of life and death. To keep it, or to use it properly, required men of nerve, and sagacity, and honor, and patience, and diligence, and tact, and prompt decision. There were only two to whom he would impart it. One was the proprietor; the other, the man from Georgia.

The physician preceded Baker up-stairs, led him to a window at the end of the hall, and turned him so that the light fell full upon his face.

"Baker, can you keep a secret?"

"Well, let me tell you how it is. I don't know; mebbe I can."

"Have you ever seen people die?"

"Oh, yes, sir."

"A great many in the same house?"

"Yes, sir; yes, sir."

"Baker, are you afraid to die?"

"Die?"

"Yes."

There was no expression whatever upon his face. He gazed past the physician through the window, and made no reply.

"Are you afraid of death, Baker?"

"Who? Me?"

"Yes."

Still there was no evidence that he would answer the question, or that he even comprehended it. He changed his gaze to his boots, and communed with them a while, but made no answer.

"There is a very sick man here, Baker, and I think he will die. I want some one to help

me with him. If you go into his room perhaps you will die, too."

"Was you a-talkin' about wantin' me to wait on him?"

"Yes."

A brighter look came into Baker's dull face—for what reason it is difficult to conjecture—and he said,

"Oh, now, I will tell you; I will go."

They entered the stranger's room and found him suffering terribly. The physician had already put him under vigorous treatment, but he was growing rapidly worse. Baker observed him attentively a moment, and then felt his pulse, and hands, and head. A look of intelligence came into his sad, earnest face, but there was not a trace of pallor or fear. He beckoned the physician to follow him into the hall, and the two went aside, closing the door.

"He's a-goin' to die," whispered Baker.

"Yes, but how do you know?"

"Well, I want to tell you. I know."

"Have you seen it before?"

"Hundreds."

"Are you afraid?"

"Me?"

"Yes."

"Well, they all ought to know it," he said, with a sweep of the hand toward the halls.

"Hurry and find Mr. Clayton, and tell him. Then come back."

Mr. Clayton was entering the house. Baker met him and beckoned him to follow. Baker entered a dark room stored with empty boxes, and went into a corner. He stood Mr. Clayton with his back against the wall, and looked straight into his face. His movements were so mysterious, and there was such a strange expression in his eyes, and his familiarity in touching Mr. Clayton's person was so extraordinary, that that gentleman was uneasy. Baker leaned forward and whispered mysteriously in his ear that terrible word,

"Cholery!"

Cholera! Great God! No wonder that Mr. Clayton turned deadly pale and leaned heavily against the wall. No wonder that his limbs trembled, and his hands shook, and his eyes stared wildly. No wonder that he bit his lips, and put his hands upon his breast.

At midnight the stranger died. Two men had been with him constantly, but their efforts had availed nothing. These two silently prepared him for the grave. They went out, Baker locking the door and putting the key in his pocket. The anxious look on the physician's face was intensified; Baker's evinced nothing but a calm consciousness of responsibility. They met Mr. Clayton in the hall.

"He's gone," said the doctor.

"We must alarm the house," whispered Mr. Clayton.

The doctor shook his head sadly.

"There will be a panic," he said.

Mr. Clayton looked at Baker. The latter went without another word to the further end of the hall, and rapped upon a door. A man's voice called out,

"Who's there?"

Baker whispered a single terrifying word through the keyhole.

"My God!" groaned the inmate, as he was heard to bound to the floor.

Baker rapped at another door, and the same dialogue ensued; then another, and another, and another, and many others. Occasionally a frightened scream from a woman was heard. The vast hive of human beings soon began to swarm and buzz. Mothers dragged half naked children along the halls. The panic increased. The servants all fled. Everybody was demoralized. Men, and women, and children, crazed with fright, rushed through the halls with bated breath, and in all stages of an incomplete or hurried toilet ran out into the chill night air. Mr. Clayton and the physician stood at the door and implored them not to expose themselves to the cool, damp air; that the next train would not pass until to-morrow. But the frightened guests frantically rushed to exposure and almost certain death. They walked about the roads, and went out upon the hills, or sat in groups in various places; a few remained in the hotel.

Where was the man from Georgia? Staggering and toiling under the crushing weight of immense trunks; listening to a hundred orders at once; carrying children and fainting women in his strong, gaunt arms; laboring until the perspiration poured down his patient face and saturated his shirt, until his knees quaked and trembled with exhaustion. He did the work of fifty men—a hundred men. He was everywhere and did everything.

Toward morning the physician retired to his room. The plague had struck him. Baker administered to his wants, and exhibited a surprising knowledge of the malady. A few, exposed to the night air, were stricken down, and brought to their rooms moaning with fear and pain. Baker treated them all. Mr. Clayton and a few other stout hearts provided him with whatever he ordered, and assisted in watching. He instructed them in the treatment. He was the physician in charge. At the first premonitory symptoms, coldness and cramps, he put his patient between warm blankets, administered a glass of hot brandy-and-water, with sugar and

spices, or gave them pepper and salt in hot water, as his judgment decided, put hot bricks to the feet, and had the patient rubbed vigorously with spirits of camphor. Many recovered before the disease struck in. Others grew worse. The physician was saved.

At sunrise Baker was working vigorously on a patient, when he suddenly straightened, looked around wildly, and staggered backward to the wall. All his strength had suddenly left, and the strong man collapsed. Leaning against the wall, and spreading out his arms to keep from falling, he slowly worked his way a few feet to the door, and then fell heavily upon his face in the hall. He lay stunned for a minute by the fall, and raised himself upon his hands, and crawled to the end of the hall and lay down. He had not said a word nor uttered a groan. Mr. Clayton found him a few minutes afterward. Others were summoned, and they put him upon a bed. His eyes were greatly sunken and expressed anxiety.

"Now, let me tell you," he said faintly, and slowly, and painfully. "Go, an' take care of 'em."

His look was so anxious and imploring that they all left but Mr. Clayton, and the look of anxiety passed away.

"Here, Baker, take this."

"Well, I reckon I will. But it won't do no good. I'm so tired. It'll do it quick. This time. 'Cause I'm so. Tired."

He drank the brandy, but sadly shook his head as Mr. Clayton applied the other remedies. He sank rapidly. His extreme exhaustion had made him a quick and easy prey. Death sat upon his face, and its image was reflected from his hollow, suffering, mournful eyes. In an hour his eyes were more sunken. Then he became cold and purple. In another hour his pulse was not perceptible. After two hours more his great suffering had ceased.

"Baker, do you want anything?"

"Oh. Well. I'll tell you . . . Fifteen years. They found out. I never. Killed him My brother. Dyin'. Told 'em. He done it. I saw him. Do it. The Gov'ner'll. Pardon. Me."

In another half hour he faintly whispered,

"Pardon Me."

The old boots stared blankly and coldly at the ceiling. Their pitifully patient expression no longer contained a trace of suffering; and their calm repose was undisturbed by the song of the mocking-bird in the oriel.

W. C. MORROW, JR.

A CALIFORNIAN'S DREAMS.

A thunder-storm of the olden days!
 The red sun sinks in a sleepy haze;
 The sultry twilight, close and still,
 Muffles the cricket's drowsy trill.
 Then a round-topped cloud rolls up the west,
 Black to its smouldering, ashy crest,
 And the chariot of the storm you hear,
 With its jarring axle rumbling near;
 Till the blue is hid, and here and there
 The sudden, blinding lightnings glare.
 Scattering now the big drops fall,
 Till the rushing rain in a silver wall
 Blurs the line of the bending elms,
 Then blots them out and the landscape whelms.
 A flash—a clap, and a rumbling peal:
 The broken clouds the blue reveal;
 The last bright drops fall far away,
 And the wind, that had slept for heat all day,
 With a long-drawn sigh awakes again
 And drinks the cool of the blessed rain.

November! night, and a sleety storm:
 Close are the ruddy curtains, warm